

My Humps (DJ Redz Remix)

Black Eyed Peas

Whatcha gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside your trunk I'ma get get get get you drunk
Get you love drunk off my hump
My hump my hump my hump my hump my hump
My hump my hump my hump my lovely little lumps Check it out I drive these brothers crazy
I do it on the daily
They treat me really nicely
They buy me all these ice
Dolce and Gabbana
Fendi and Madonna
Caring they be sharin'
All their money got me wearing fly
Whether I ain't askin'
They say they love mah ass in
Seven jeans
True religion
I say no
But they keep givin'
So I keep on takin'
And no I ain't takin'
We can keep on datin'
Now keep on demonstratin' My love my love my love my love
You love my lady lumps
My hump my hump my hump
My humps they got you She's got me spending Oh, spending all your money on me
And spending time on me She's got me spending Oh, spending all your money on me
Uh on me on me Whatcha gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk I'm a get get get get you drunk
Get you love drunk off my hump Whatcha gonna do with all that ass
All that ass inside your jeans I'm a make make make make you scream
Make you scream make you scream 'Cause of my humps my hump my hump my hump
My hump my hump my hump my lovely lady lumps Check it out I met a girl down at the disco
She said hey hey hey ya lets go
I can be ya baby, you could be my honey
Let's spend time not money
And mix your milk with my coco puff
Milky milky coco
Mix your milk with my coco puff
Milky milky

Right They say I'm really sexy
The boys they wanna sex me
They always standin' next to me
Always dancin' next to me
Tryin' a feel my hump hump
Lookin' at my lump lump
You can look but you can't touch it
If you touch it
I'm a start some drama
You don't want no drama
No no drama no no no no drama
So don't pull on my hand boy
You ain't my man boy
I'm just tryin' a dance boy And move my hump
My hump my hump my hump my hump
My hump my hump my hump my hump my hump my hump
My lovely lady lumps
My lovely lady lumps my lovely lady lumps
In the back and in the front My loving got you She's got me spending Oh, spending all your money on me
And spending time on me She's got me spending Oh, spending all your money on me
Uh on me on me Whatcha gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk I'm a get get get get you drunk
Get you love drunk off my hump Whatcha gonna do with all that ass
All that ass inside your jeans I'm a make make make make you scream
Make you scream make you scream Whatcha gonna do with all that junk
All that junk inside that trunk I'm a get get get get you drunk
Get you love drunk off this hump Whatcha gonna do with all that breast
All that breast inside that shirt I'm a make make make make you work
Make you work work make you work She's got me spending Oh, spending all your money on me
And spending time on me She's got me spending Oh, spending all your money on me
Uh on me on me (Surreal, surreal, surreal, surreal, surreal)

Songwriters

WILL ADAMS, DAVID PAYTON Published by

Lyrics © THE ROYALTY NETWORK INC., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>